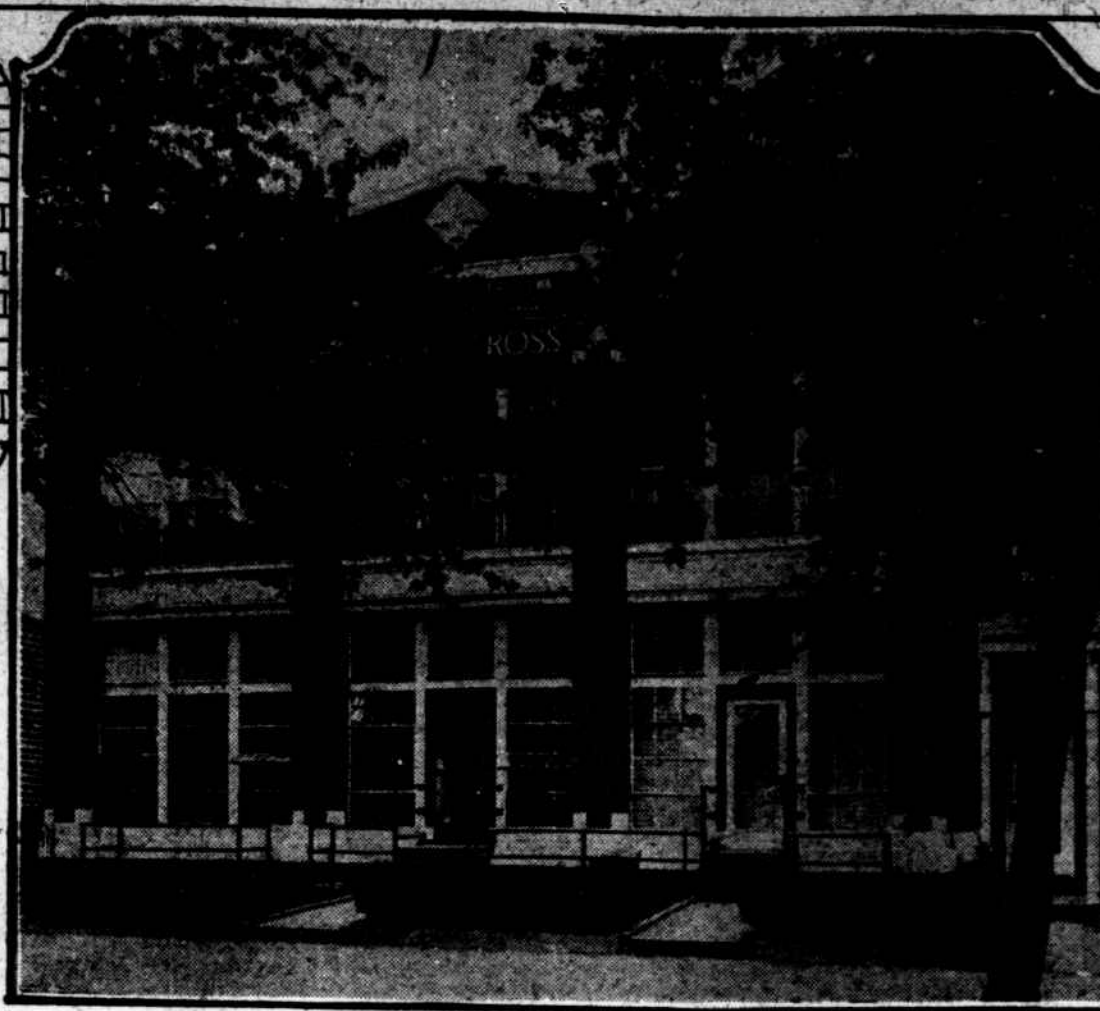
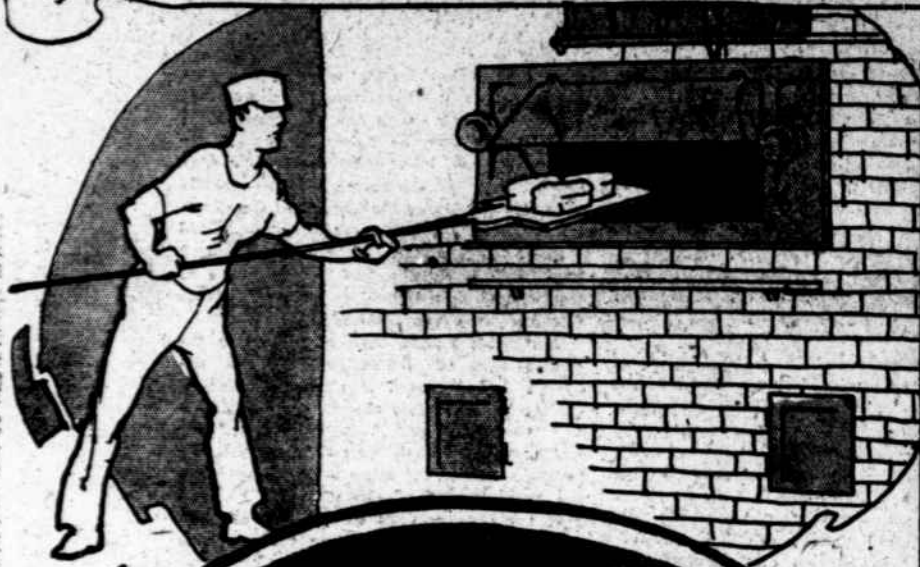


Little Visits to Big Local Plants



An Hour in Dorsch's Bakery, Factory of Sweet Smells

REMEMBER the fascination of a baker's window when you were a kid? How you would stand hungrily staring at the craftily displayed wares behind the glass; the russet rolls and rough Vienna loaves, the currant buns, brown with spice, the irresistible cakes and pies? How you would turn over and over the nickel or dime in your right trousers pocket and finally, abandoning yourself to the charm, push open the door that rang a little bell? How you would sniff luxuriously at the fragrant atmosphere while you ordered what your meager assets would command?

The source of those fragrant wafts was a dark rear room whence sometimes issued the baker's assistant, red of face and floury-white of hand, with a fresh pan of rolls or an armful of pies, a veritable wizard, who straightway returned to his magic ovens. Lots of us never got any further than the front of the shop, though we often hungered to be let loose in the producing department of the contracted shop.

To many grown-ups it may be a privilege to accompany a party from *The Herald* through the logical successor to the little brown bakery, a big white plant of today. So here goes for a brief narrative of what we saw as we were piloted about the Dorsch establishment at 631-41 S street northwest, home of

White Cross Bread and White Cross Methods

PETER M. DORSCH met us at the main entrance to his factory of sweet smells as smiling and affable as that jolly miller who held a voting residence near the River Dee. Being a mighty busy executive, he could not steer us through the bakery himself, delegating the task to his superintendent, whose name we won't use on his own modest plea. While reticent about personal publicity, this obliging young man, holding college degrees as testimony to the thoroughness of his education in the science and art of baking, wasn't at all backward in his exposition of "the works" over which he exercises management.

All we had to do was to check him when he became too technical on the subjects of bread chemistry, effects of humidity on dough, and things like that.

We began at the beginning—the flour storage room—bearing in mind the significance of the white cross blazoned on the front of the building, a sort of talisman by which every one of the 100 or more Dorsch employees swears.

If the House That Jack Built contained any more bags of malt than this big chamber does of flour, the British supply must have been cornered. It looked like a municipal surplus piled up against a long, hard winter; but, no, it was only a consumption safety factor.

To the three big mixers, whither the flour sacks are automatically conveyed, we next made our way. Over and over they churned, while men in the immaculate white, which is the Dorsch working dress, watched electric switches and clocks. Presto! One of them opened and discharged a mass of snowy

dough into an equally snowy receptacle looking like an overgrown bathtub. It was rolled away to a chamber where thermostats regulate the heat and humidity as carefully as in an incubator.

HERE the product works for three hours in a temperature never varying more than a few degrees. Again it is run through the mixers (these, by the way, have a capacity of three barrels of flour each) with the addition of best condensed milk and sugar. Full "development" is attained by high speed revolution.

Now, by ingenious machinery, the dough passes down to a dexterous mechanism on the first floor, whence it issues in rough loaf form, automatically scaled, and ready for the proofing process. Four at a time, the loaves are conveyed to the proofer by a belt and, behind glass walls, can be seen moving up and down and weaving back and forth. After six or eight minutes has sufficed to expand the yeast gas to the desired degree, the forming bread goes to the molder, where its shape becomes more familiar. Then comes the proofing cabinet. Here, immersed in live steam, but with a temperature of only 95 degrees, the loaves pass through that process known as rising, whose failure to materialize so often is the bride's first tragedy.

In from 35 to 50 minutes it is ready for the ovens. Of these there are eight, with a capacity of 420 loaves each. Hungry are the mouths of Washington for White Cross bread! Eight ovens are not enough, the management complains.

In a heat of 450 degrees, the loaves are lusciously browned and completed in 35 minutes, ripe for cooling and wrapping. Their outer integument is a sanitary waxed paper,

alright and dustproof. And a short time thereafter the latest batch is being rushed off in the Dorsch battery of trucks and wagons.

AND close on its heels follow other batches, uniformly excellent, thanks to science and cleanliness.

Bread is the staff of life, but bread is somewhat prosaic, as also are rolls of which the White Cross bakery is as proud as of its loaves. Let's turn a while to the cake department.

This alluring division of the big plant is located on the second floor. The cake-makers and cake-bakers regard themselves as artists and their product justifies their self-esteem. They fabricate the golden and chocolate confections with loving care, they dock their layers very precisely with cherries, they apply the icing with an air. The baking is not necessarily more involved than is that of bread, but all the processes in the cake production line proceed with artistry.

The *Herald* party unanimously voted that they'd had a great time and learned something about that most important industry whose products form a staple of diet, but which we are prone to regard as in the sphere of "romancing."

It's interesting to mention, in passing, that there is but one woman in the whole Dorsch plant. But the men could teach the expert housewife things she never knew about bread and its baking.

Is Dorsch's clean? It's so clean that one feels embarrassed to walk on some of the hardwood floors. The *Herald* group, white collar men all, hope if their labors ever lie in a factory it will be one of such immaculate surroundings.

Dorsch's Old Mammy's Bread Sold by the Sanitary Grocery Co., in their 156 Stores--and by good grocers everywhere.

